

*Jenis Conan Doyle*

# The Spiritualist.

THE ORGAN OF THE  
SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY.

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## MEDIUMSHIP IN THE SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT.

ARTHUR FORD.

Mediums are at once the hope and the despair of the Spiritualist Movement. The proof of survival must come through mediums. The facts which our lecturers and writers pass on to the world demand mediumship for verification. All the worldwide interest and activity in Spiritualism rests upon a foundation of mediumship. Without the mediums which Spiritualism provides, the societies for psychical research would be helpless. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stated the case well when he said, "When humanity attains a proper sense of values the medium will be recognized as the most precious member



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a guinea pig in his laboratory. To such a pass have things come that it is almost an unwritten law among mediums that they will not submit themselves to the crudely blundering officials of the societies for psychical research. It was not always thus. There was a time when societies for psychical research had as investigating officers men of real attainments, scientific training and an intelligent appreciation of their task. To-day these societies are largely manned by magicians, vaudeville performers, and pseudo-scientists. The tales which mediums tell after some of these so-called investigations compel one to think that the horrors of the Inquisition were a Sunday School party in comparison. The real contributions to our knowledge of things psychical do not come from that source these days. Rather are they furnished by that growing number of sincere investigators who approach the subject without ballyhoo and in a calm and critical manner study the subject with an honest regard for facts. To such investigators the medium submit themselves with confidence, knowing that whatever the verdict they will be treated as human beings.

Another method of judging a medium which is prevalent and which causes much unhappiness is the tendency to judge the psychic on another basis than that of his phenomena. Mediumship is not dependent upon character. Some of the best mediums are the worst of men. This is unfortunate, but it is equally true of artists in other fields. It in no wise invalidates their gift. We do not refuse the music of a great pianist because we know a bit too much of his private life. The medium by







the very nature of his gift is subject to forces, objectively and subjectively which a more normal person never understands. His is a constant battle, and the wonder is that a person so open to control by other personalities is ever a positive character. I think that the standard of morality and spirituality among mediums is about as high as among any other group of sensitive people. However that may be, the fact remains that any investigator who bases his judgment of a particular medium on any other basis than that of genuine psychic power is both unscientific and dishonest. It is facts, not prejudices, which the world expects from a man who presumes to speak upon so important a matter.



### HYMN.

(WHILST WE SLEEP.)

We miss the wonders of the bright star light,  
The glorious moon, the firmament of night;  
All these are hidden from our blinded sight  
    Whilst we sleep.

Pent up within our sordid city wall,  
We note not that the planets rise and fall,  
We heed not that the blessed angels call  
    Whilst we sleep.

By night the body sleeps, the soul by day,  
Forgetful that Man's Youth is not for aye,  
Heedless of wonders in the Heavenly Way  
    Whilst we sleep.

Wake, then, O soul, lest dawn of spirit Light  
Should rise on earth in heavenly lustre bright,  
And set unnoticed in Cimmerian night  
    Whilst we sleep.

M. A. ST. CLAIR STOBART.



## A RHAPSODY.

In the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew (Museum II, Room Five, Case 66) is a coco-nut Pearl. This hard and stony substance, lovely in appearance, is very rare, and is treasured by the natives of the East as a charm against disease.

It is thought to be formed round a vital part which cannot function and would otherwise poison the whole nut. In a similar manner the Oyster Pearl is formed round a parasite or other irritant, and the life of the oyster is thereby saved.

Is Law of man, or goes it deeper? Nature teaches that Law is everywhere and in everything. From the Throne of God to the grain of dust, Law reigns supreme.

A vegetable, without conscious thought, finds decay within, and because its life is strong, it coats the danger with its life essence, and forms a thing of beauty, a sign of strength, deep buried in its heart.

So with the bi-valve: a worm from out the sea pierces through its shell, and the nacre of the home surrounds the intruder with an iridescent prison, coloured by the life force, and polished with the pain of conquest.

Are we, with conscious thought, beyond this Law? Surely this cannot be! As we have glimpses of our destiny we perceive our dangers, and if we live to the fulness of our nature, Life forms around our poisonous sins, our deathly tendencies, a protection against the doom within!

The simple native, untaught in lore of books, is right when he wears the sign of conquered death as a protection against disease. May we assimilate the truth behind the amulet and Live to conquer, and conquer to Live!

Beyond time and planet, we, perchance, shall



treasure as our most precious jewels, those faults transformed, those sins o'ercome through pain and anxious thought, as glorious signs of the power of Life when lived in harmony with Law, creative and complete.

O Thou, whose Word is Law, whose Breath is Life, grant us wisdom to allow the Law of Life to rule us, so that our very weakness may become strength, and our secret sins be changed to offerings resplendent with the brightness of Service, Self-sacrifice, and the will to Live to the height of our powers!

SAERBEPH.



## THE IDEALIST.

It has been said that the ideal without the real lacks body, and the real without the ideal lacks soul, and that both need to unite.

He who imagines he can do without idealism deceives himself greatly, for Life loses much of its stimulus without an ideal. Yet there is a poverty of idealism in the world to-day, with the result that the thoughtless rush after material objects, while the more thoughtful are apt to relapse into pessimism. In each instance it is very similar to people imagining there is no land when they can see nothing but a vast expanse of water before them.

It is good to build castles in the air, and then put foundations beneath them. It is useless laying foundations and leaving the superstructure unbuilt. The true question to ask respecting any structure is, "Has it a Soul in it?" Most of our modern structures are without a Soul, because realism alone has been sought, with the result, as Oliver Goldsmith reminds us, that although we increase our material possessions, they add to our disquietudes.

The Idealist believes that a Church without the Soul of its Great Ideal is a mockery and a sham, that to *talk* of universal Brotherhood and Sisterhood with-



out making any attempt to practise it, savours of hypocrisy; that the human family is one and indivisible, and racial prejudices have to be extinguished; the Idealist believes that the interests of humanity as a whole are best served by Peace, and that there will be no peace in the world until we realise the Soul of things. The Idealist *knows* that prayer without the *will* to realise the object of the prayer will never effect a change in existing conditions, that activity and not passivity is the best balm of all, that it is not enough to do good, but one must do it in a good way, that our present knowledge and experience of the most pressing problems more than suffice to make the body social a living, healthy thing, but the will to apply the remedies at hand is lacking.

The Idealist believes in progress. He is convinced that only confusion and entanglements result from false ideals and error. He knows that ignorance is the prime root of all evil, that it produces an intolerant spirit, that nothing is more fatal to true progress than ignorance.

The Idealist believes that courage does not consist in blindly overcoming danger, but in meeting it and conquering it. He believes in the existence of a great Moral Force that governs the universe, that Humanity is better for having an ideal and pursuing it, though never catching it up; that in science, literature, and art and all the religions of the world lie the germs of love, truth and beauty.

The Idealist agrees with Ruskin that government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; anarchy and competition the Laws of Death; that what is best shall rule, that what is best *will* rule; that the highest form of life is not to be got under the reign of Justice alone, but there must be added to it the reign of *active* goodness. The Idealist says that the hearts of men are not conquered by arms, but by love and kindness.

The Idealist believes that no man is free who is



not master of himself, that if one would be a king, it is necessary to take command of one's own person; that self-control, self-reverence and self-knowledge are the three fundamentals that bring power and make Man lord of himself.

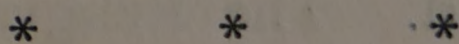
The Idealist believes that every child that is born alive should be properly housed, clothed and fed, and educated, that it should enjoy equal opportunities with all, that indiscriminate child-bearing is bad for the individual and the race. He is opposed to War and to the existence of poverty, each of which he feels is a great enemy to human happiness, destroying liberty, making some virtues impracticable and others difficult.

M. A. P.



## THE QUESTION.

Will my tiny spark of being  
Wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?  
Must my day be dark by reason,  
O ye heavens, of your boundless nights,  
Rush of Suns and roll of systems,  
And your fiery clash of meteorites?



## THE ANSWER.

Spirit, nearing your dark portal,  
At the limit of thy human state,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose  
Of that Power which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow,  
Nor the silent Opener of the Gate.

*Tennyson.*



## HOW CAN WE SPIRITUALISE SPIRITUALISM ?

BY MARJORIE LIVINGSTON,

*Author of "The New Nuctemeron."*

Many attempts have been made to define the expression "Modern Spiritualism." As I see it, the words imply a concerted promulgation of the three great principles underlying the thought of Man: Science, Philosophy, and Religion.

Yet, in itself, Spiritualism would be no more than an eclectic philosophy, borrowing its very existence from the sentiments of the past, if it were not for the one outstanding Creed for which it stands: the reality of the survival of the individual, demonstrated and proven through the vehicle of human Mediumship.

It is through the agency of these Sensitives, to whose physical organism has been restored the lost residue of our seven senses, that Spiritualists may explore the triple foundation of their faith. The Scientist is enabled to study psychic phenomena under test conditions, the Philosopher is in touch not only with modern revelations of knowledge, but, through the intervention of a suitable Medium, he may actually gain access to ancient works of wisdom, once lost, and now restored to the world. The Religionist is not asked to sacrifice his idealism, but finds it, rather, miraculously uplifted upon a plinth of Reality, and discovers that his spirit may attain to the heights of ecstasy through the transcendental Mediumship of his own psychic Self.

Herein are expressed three stages of human development. In the laboratory, Man is a looker-on. He is using only his physical faculties of hearing, sight, and reason to sift and record the phenomena of which he is a witness. In the realm of Philosophy, his Mind, an adjunct of the soul-body, is impressed, for the assimilation of Wisdom demands spontaneous Understanding,



a faculty beyond the province of the carnal brain, and Man becomes a participator in the Mediumship which he has invoked. In Religion, viewed from the angle of the Spiritualist, he reaches the highest point that can be contacted by Man whilst still occupying the physical body, a state of spiritual Consciousness in which Matter has ceased to be of importance, and where he may attain to conscious contact with the Divine.

It is a comparatively easy matter thus to define "Spiritualism," and, so presented, its ideals should appeal universally to the world at large. The Scientist meets with practical data, the Philosopher with an eclectic doctrine that seeks to blend contradictory theories into a concerted whole, and the Religionist with an Idealism which transcends all previous flights of the aspiring Soul.

Yet we all know that Spiritualism has not yet worked this miracle. This, speaking as a Spiritualist, I venture to think, is not because its teachings are not sound, or that its ideals fall short of its own high standard of perfection.

Surely it is because, here as elsewhere, the human element has crept in, counterfeiting phenomena, corrupting Truth, and reducing religious fervour to hysterical absurdity.

To Spiritualists who live near the big cities and have access to well-ordered Societies and to the *séance* rooms of trained Mediums, this may seem a sweeping statement. But it is nevertheless an unsavoury fact that many sins are committed in the name of Spiritualism, just as wholesale crime was perpetrated in the name of Christianity. Even where it is least expected, mediocrity of mind and motive sometimes hold a Circle earthbound.

Nor is this always the fault of the Medium. Every experienced Sensitive knows that the *séance* room is besieged with phenomena-hunters, fanatics, and frivolous people who want nothing better than to have their "fortune told."

It is not always recognised that it is on this type of



"popular" Circle that the outsider must base his opinion of Spiritualistic phenomena. When there is any serious experiment in progress, under the direction of a tested and expert Medium, the door of the *séance* room is locked against him. This for obvious reasons. The injuries done in the past to highly developed Mediums by the pranks of ignorant sitters is sufficient cause in itself to exclude the uninitiated from any important Circle.

Still, the fact remains that the outsider, who, when all is said and done, is as much entitled to an opinion as anybody else, is forced to base his judgment on demonstrations of psychic power which, as the trained Spiritualist would be the first to admit, are often second-rate.

Now, superimposed upon the three abstract principles underlying Spiritualism, we are faced with the expression of three human points of view: those of the Medium, the Sitter, and the Outsider.

The appeal must be made to all three collectively if Spiritualism is to be inspired with the practical idealism worthy of its name.

To the outsider, we can only say that we would ask him, for the moment, to be a little lenient towards our methods, which have not yet emerged from the elementary stage. We would remind him that a fallen apple informed Newton of the laws of Gravity, and a boiling kettle suggested to Stephenson the conception of a world's railroads. So a rap upon a table may be to a Psychic an indication of the existence of an erstwhile hidden Sphere.

The chief indictment against Spiritualism is that it is encumbered with so many trivialities. We know this to be true, but, even so, trivialities sometimes have a value of their own.

A Clairvoyante may give a message from "Aunt Amelia," who, in earth life, was wont to limit her conversation to social small-talk and the ailments of Fido. Were she to convey to us a rhetorical essay on



the Fourth Dimension, we should, knowing Auntie, be sceptical of the real source of inspiration. Instead, comes the message: "Take care of Fido!" Trivial, yes, staggeringly so. Yet extraordinarily evidential. The bereaved heart that loved "Aunt Amelia" can read into these trifling words the important testimony that she still lives, that she retains her personality, her memory, her affections.

And if a small soul like that of "Aunt Amelia" can survive the ordeal of so-called Death, then how much more hopefully can we rely on the resurrection of the great ones whose presence has redeemed the earth in years that are past?

So if the looker-on and the passer-by will extend to us this degree of sympathy, they will do much to redeem our movement from the obloquy which attaches to it at present.

Meanwhile, the attitude of the Sitter in the presence of this type of phenomena should not be altogether one of satisfaction. Earth-ties are very dear, and communion with those we loved is a solace granted by a loving Providence, but, in itself, it is not all-sufficient. In fact, there are circumstances in which it can become actually harmful.

Spontaneous manifestation on the part of a beloved Spirit has a beauty of its own, and can safely be encouraged in the assurance that it will accrue to the material benefit of those concerned. But in the *séance* room the mind is apt to concentrate frantically upon a manifestation of the familiar presence. This concentration is extremely magnetic, and may tend to constrain the Spirit-Control into braving earth conditions and demonstrating its presence through an unfamiliar medium.

There is a loftier state of mind in which we may regard these manifestations than as a panacea for heart-ache. We may use their coming as a link which enables us to apprehend something of their new conditions, and we may aspire to meet them in the region of Mind,



rather than strive to attract them too frequently into our own mundane sphere.

It has been my own experience that those who pass on before us often act the part of "Introducer." They themselves appear to remain for some time in a plane which is in some aspects a reflection of earth conditions, but here they meet with those evolved Spirits who are well acquainted with the Astral Spheres, and are ready to use any medium through which they can reach the receptive Minds of those still immersed in terrene conditions.

It is thus that there often develops a latent gift of Mediumship, and the Mind which, through sorrow or bereavement, has been led to desire that which is super-terrestrial, is filled with Cosmic Knowledge and divine Inspiration.

It is an unfortunate fact that many Mediums are obliged to hasten their development in view of mundane necessities. Not all developing Circles are ideal for the tuning-in of such a delicate organism as the human Mind to vibrations so exalted as those which emanate from the realms of Spirit. Aspiring Mediums will find a higher Source of inspiration by communing in the silence with those half-perceived Forces at work within their own super-conscious state than they will be likely to reach in a mixed Circle where the human element is paramount and there is a mental admixture of conflicting desires and emotions.

Here we reach the crux of the matter, and it is to this subject that many thoughtful minds are turning at the moment. Ever since the days when the Blessed Saint Francis, one of the greatest Mediums of the Christian era, taught the doctrine of Holy Poverty, the psychic gift has been almost universally the prerogative of the poor rather than of the rich. It is incumbent, then, on those who would strive to spiritualise Spiritualism to see to it that these chosen transmitters of the Celestial wireless are given the opportunity to tune in their priceless instrument with unremitting care,



and not allow them to depend entirely on the exercise of their gift for the wherewithal of this world, a position which often places them in a quandary almost beyond human endurance.

*Light* has recently published a series of articles dealing with the systematic and spiritual organisation of private Circles, where those whose hearts are set above monetary considerations and sensational curiosity may meet together in an upper room to listen for the Still Small Voice and the sound of a Rushing Wind.

There has also been an interesting announcement that Mrs. Mabel Beatty, through whose hand the White Brotherhood bequeathed "Man Made Perfect" to the world, is to inaugurate a series of sittings which will be divided into three important sections. A Students' Class will be open to all who wish to study the occult aspects of Spiritualism; there will be a Circle for those Mediums already engaged in Inspirational work; and a training centre for Healers whose ideals will be to restore to the Church that tender Art which was its ancient prerogative and which has so long been lost to its Ministers.

Here is a well-considered attempt to fill a practical need, and there may be other Mediums who are willing to give something of their own power to help those who are striving to follow in their footsteps.

By this means there may spring up amongst us a new generation of Mediums, those who will be Seers and Prophets and Healers, following more closely in the steps of the Initiates of past centuries, working in conscious Service of The Great Initiate Who said: "That which I do, ye can do also."

For the rest, it must remain with each and every Spiritualist as an individual to play his part in the Community of which he is a member. All who are sufficiently interested to investigate available phenomena can assure themselves of the validity of Spiritualistic claims on purely scientific grounds. They can glean such wisdom as interests them personally from the occult



literature both of the past and present, and thus they have the wherewithal to build a Church that shall in very truth be raised upon a rock.

All mystic rites will be imbued with a new significance; the Altar tapers will burn as a true symbol of the Light of the World which shines in Wisdom and in Love; the Incense shall be recognised as that subtle Essence given by the Angels to awaken the consciousness of Man; and the music shall be an echo of that ecstatic Harmony which emanates from the Spheres of Heaven and is a Vibration sprung from the Divine Pulse of God.

We need individual effort and individual endeavour to attain the ideal which lies ahead of us. Terrestrial life is given to us to fulfil a Purpose, and we know that the reward of accomplishment will be sweet beyond expectation.

There is only one Power, one Vital Energy, that can spiritualise Spiritualism, and that is the Spirit Itself which brooded upon the face of the waters, which descended to that Upper Room in tongues of flame, and which remains with us still, The Comforter, within the Heart of Man.



## ARMISTICE SUNDAY.

We should like to bring before the notice of our Members and friends that we shall not hold a service in the Grotrian Hall on Armistice Sunday *morning*, which falls this year on November 9th, because we feel that everyone will wish to attend the massed meeting at the Albert Hall, which is such a popular gathering. We shall, of course, hold our usual evening service, and have pleasure in announcing that our President, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, will give the address.



## BROTHERHOOD.

*Christian*: "He that loveth not his BROTHER whom he hath seen, how can he love GOD whom he hath not seen?"

"And this commandment have we from HIM: That he who loveth GOD loveth his BROTHER also."

*Hindu*: "He who is the friend of all beings; he who is intent on the welfare of all with act and thought and speech, he only knoweth Religion."

*Buddhist*: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time; hatred ceaseth only by love."

*Hebrew*: "Have we not only one FATHER? Hath not one GOD created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his BROTHER?"

*Islamic*: "No man is a true believer unless he desireth for his BROTHER that which he desireth for himself."

*Persian*: "Do as you would be done by."

*Grecian*: "Do not that to a neighbour which you shall take ill from him."

*Confucianism*: "What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others."

*Egyptian*: "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

*Mohammedan*: "Let none of you treat his BROTHER in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."

*Roman*: "The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love all members of society as themselves."

*Druidic*: "There is no stability but in BROTHERHOOD."



## SPIRITUAL AWAKENING.

*"Build thee more stately mansions, Oh! my Soul."*

A breath is blowing through the world to-day, perhaps, as yet, the merest breath. It arises from the ever deepening, ever spreading, and more and more widely diffusing realisation of the Wonders of Life. And to what do we owe this wider realisation? Surely to the fresh light thrown by modern Science upon the spiritual nature of Man. There was a time when Science threatened to crush and quench the spiritual aspirations of humanity. The clear light of absolute knowledge, with which Darwin, Huxley, and others flooded out the dim paths where "faith" groped painfully, resulted at first in a violent revulsion from the poor leadership that religions through all the ages had afforded. But sixty years have passed since then and a great readjustment of ideas has been going on. Evolution, instead of being a dangerous thing, as so many erroneously imagined, has come to stay and to fortify and rectify all the really valuable concepts of the old religions. Thinking people everywhere have accepted it and have grown to love the noble thought of the "ascent" of Man. One might illustrate the advance thereby achieved in the world's religions by comparison with a pyramid, which formerly balancing precariously on its apex, now stands firmly and securely on its base. The resulting broad and sure foundation provided by the fact of evolution must now be accepted by mankind as a permanent and a noble base on which to erect with infinite thought and infinite care and love and truthfulness a Religion which will radiate through all humanity the knowledge of its essential oneness and the realisation that mankind's part is, by achieving spiritual unity and harmony on this earth, to contribute to the exquisite harmony reigning in the vast scheme of worlds and stars revealed to our dazzled eyes by astronomy. All mankind is one. The great spiritual teachers of the past tried, alas, in vain, to bring that fundamental



truth home to us, but the scientists have *proved* it beyond all possibility of denial. Are not Earth and Sun the gracious parents of all life upon the planet and universal love must ultimately be the outcome of this acknowledged truth? And beyond Earth and Sun, who are *our* creators, broods an infinitely greater, more majestic creative power, the author of *their* being. What vast fields of wonder are opened to our eager eyes! Science has revealed so much and Science is still so young! Rejoice, all seekers after truth, here and now let us build a Religion, purified and infinitely strengthened by this sweet breath of Truth which is blowing through all our world to-day; let us build on the solid rock of Spiritualism.

M. K.



## TÊTE A TÊTE TALKS.

(In Smoking-room.)

*John*: Come along in, old man. Take that chair by the fire. We shall get an hour to ourselves before dinner. It is good to see you again after all these years. Got a match? Things not going too well? You look depressed. Or are you just bored with all that drawing-room babble, after the solitude of your African desert? How's the wife?

*Thomas*: Old friend—I'm alone in the world—and—frankly, I can't stand it. Cowardly? Perhaps. But—well, don't be surprised, or shocked, if— Those women just now little knew how they were treading on the raw, chattering light-heartedly about the dead.

*John*: Dear old man. I didn't know. What brutes we must have seemed. Look here. Where are you staying? Pitch your tent with us for a bit? Mollie would—

*Thomas*: Just like you, John. But I couldn't face it. A wounded animal likes to hide.

*John*: But we could help you—we, Mollie and I,



would prove to you that your wife is not dead, as you imagine.

*Thomas:* You don't believe all that nonsense they were talking just now about ghosts and spooks and rubbish of that sort? I used to look upon you as a level-headed fellow.

*John:* I believe in Spiritualism.

*Thomas:* Good Lord! Well, what is Spiritualism? A new-fangled religion?

*John:* It isn't new-fangled. It is as old as the hills. And it isn't necessarily a religion. It's a belief, and a belief only becomes a religion when you live in accordance with the belief. Christianity was a religion to the first disciples, because they lived up to it. It isn't even a belief to-day, worse luck; it is only a tradition, a superstition. As a matter of fact, Spiritualism has been the basis of every religion the world has ever known, because all religion has come by revelation, and Spiritualism is the science which teaches how you can obtain revelation.

*Thomas:* Well, I'm dashed! You call Spiritualism a science! Have you all gone mad?

*John:* Well, what is Science? Isn't it a knowledge of facts which can be proved by experiment? And, mind, you, it isn't necessary that success shall follow *every* experiment. Astronomers know to their cost that after the most elaborate and costly preparations, fog may nullify an experiment for which conditions were otherwise unique, and for which perhaps they have waited for centuries. But we Spiritualists can say, broadly, that the main tenets of our belief can be, and have been, proved by experiment, under test conditions, in such manner as to satisfy many of the greatest and most critical intellects.

*Thomas:* You surprise me. You seem to be in earnest.

*John:* My dear fellow, I never was more serious, and I tell you bluntly, this thing has transformed all life for me. Look here, Thomas. Spiritualism is either



true, or it's false; there is no half-way house, for if we can prove one case for Survival, the whole case for Spiritualism is proved. Now, you used to be a fairly regular Church-goer, and your Church bases its argument for the possibility of a future life, on the reputed survival of one individual who lived two thousand years ago. Well, we Spiritualists say that's all very well, but in case, after all these years, and considering the rather slipshod and unscientific way in which facts were recorded in those days—in case there should be some flaw in the evidence for Survival, we are seeking, and have found, corroboration not only for that particular Survival, but for that of all mankind. We have found that Survival is a Law of Nature, and is not dependent upon Divinity, or saintliness of character. We—I—have spoken to dozens of those who have been buried, as dead. Mollie and I are in constant touch with our boy, and if you——

*Thomas*: Don't—don't—it couldn't be—— What?

*John*: There's the dressing gong. Now, Thomas, you are going to stay here to-night—perhaps many nights—and we'll have further talks. Meanwhile——

*Thomas (as they rise)*: All very well—you lost your son, and I suppose it's natural with some people—you, or probably your wife, *wanted* to believe. I'm not like that.

*John*: But wanting a thing does not make it true if it isn't true. This thing has been found to be true by many people, scientists to wit, who didn't at all want to prove it to be true. At any rate, my contention is that it's either true, or it's false, and *if* it's true, it's the most glorious truth man has ever learned, and since it's concerned with our Eternity, it has seemed worth while to me to take some trouble to find out whether it is true or not. But come along upstairs. I'll send for your things. We're by ourselves to-night, and Mollie will see that you have all the necessaries. (*They exit.*)

(*To be continued.*)

M. A. ST. C. S.



## WORDS.

BY ONE WHO USES THEM.

In every language, dead and living, there are a number of exceedingly beautiful words, from which lessons of unquestionable worth may be derived if only our notice is drawn to their being. The subject of words leads one to the study of some of the sweetest things in life, for words are the living organisms of thoughts, which, when well expressed, make men and women happy, and life itself the more agreeable to live. Who among us would not always speak well and truly? Yet it has to be confessed that comparatively few people are capable of expressing themselves with anything approaching to exactness, mainly because they are unacquainted with the treasures hidden in the commonest words. One has but to dissect a word to discover its moral, intellectual, and æsthetic treasures. He who longs to be introduced into the realms of fairyland must first of all enquire into the origin of the words he employs. Not till then will he find himself in the happy position of being able to use them in their exact senses.

To understand the meaning of the best words, the works of the greatest sages of all ages must be cultivated, for these are the men who set their minds on lofty ideals, and although they were unable to render their thoughts *completely* in words, yet they more than succeeded in raising themselves above their fellow-creatures solely by the use of beautiful words, correctly and musically rendered. In the books which have most influenced mankind for good are stored up the words which each language has slowly accumulated, and which are so sweet to those who know them, that they have in them the delight of heavenly love.

I propose giving a few illustrations of the use and abuse of words, not only by way of example, but also of warning, bearing in mind that the English language consists of words drawn from various sources, the



principal of which are the Saxon, Latin, Greek and French, the words of the first two former being very numerous, for in every hundred words, sixty are Saxon and thirty Latin, those derived from the Greek having been comparatively recently introduced. A large number of words obtained from the French can be traced to a Latin origin.

Not long since I overheard a good and well-meaning Bishop of the Church of England make use of the beautiful word "pagan" in what he intended to be an opprobrious sense. Now, if we look into the origin of the word "pagan," and we begin to understand its history, I dare venture to say that few of us will be so very foolish as to employ it ever in an offensive sense. For does not the word conjure up visions of Marcus Aurelius, of Seneca, of Plutarch, of Epictetus, of Epicurus, of Lucretius, of Horace, etc.? Who among us would not be in their company to-day?

From my library shelf, I take down a copy of a "Standard" dictionary, that is, a dictionary which is supposed to possess a fixed and permanent value. Therefrom I learn that a "pagan" is "one who does not worship the true God." It would be presumption on my part to insist that the belief in the goodness of God was the cardinal doctrine of the great and noble men whom I have just quoted—and of millions of others of their times.

"Pagan" is a word which contains much history. It is derived from the Latin *paganus*, a rustic, and *pagus*, a district. Etymologically speaking, it has no religious significance whatever, but refers solely to the inhabitants of towns and villages as distinguished from those of cities. As I have said, the pagans were a very religious people, and Christianity's debt to them is enormous. More than that, they possessed a high civilisation and a great culture to which we English are even to this day indebted. It is true that they were not Christians, which the aforementioned



"Standard" dictionary defines as "followers of Christ" and "human beings." For these and other reasons, the simple word "pagan" has come to be associated with atheology, and other dreadful unorthodox things. It was not until the reign of the Emperor Valentinian that "pagan" assumes the stupid and improper meaning that it now bears.

The word "barbarian" has suffered a similar fate. To-day it has come to signify "uncivilised," "savage," "Hunnish," "without taste or refinement." It was applied to the Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgars and Turks on scores of occasions during the war and very correctly so, from the etymological point of view. It is of Greek origin, this word "barbarian," *barbaros* meaning "foreign," literally *stammering*, from the unfamiliar sounds of foreign languages. "Foreign" is from the Latin *foras*. With us it means "belonging to another country" or "unconnected," or "not appropriate." Its etymological meaning is "out of doors."

Yet another very interesting and much abused word is "heathen." The great majority of "Standard" dictionaries are unanimous in agreeing that a "heathen" is "an inhabitant of an unchristian country." "Heathen" is an Anglo-Saxon word, and it etymologically signifies "inhabitants of heaths." Everyone therefore is seriously invited to place the inhabitants of *unchristian* countries on the same level of intelligence, etc., as the poor, illiterate wild tribes who once lived in a barren, open country. I often wonder if we shall ever rise to the occasion, and frankly acknowledge our great indebtedness to the "pagans" of Rome, the "heathens" of India, China and Japan for the splendid services they have rendered to the literary, scientific, legal, and religious worlds. We must be very careful indeed how we make use of words, otherwise we may find ourselves accused of dishonesty, or worse still, of ignorance.

The pitfalls that confront readers of "Standard"



dictionaries are numerous. What is one to conclude from the definition of "Truth," for instance? This lovely word is defined as "a true state of things," or "facts," while a "fact" is defined as "Truth." You will see that I come out of the same door by which I went in. Would it not have been more honest if the "Standard" dictionary had candidly acknowledged that "Truth" is a word incapable of defining in the existing condition of society? Was there ever a more mistaken creature than he who swears that he will speak the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

I note that a "rationalist" is defined as one who *denies* "supernatural revelation." This is a dogmatic definition, and dogmatism, that is, a positive assertion of opinion, is opposed to rationalism, which has come to mean, "pertaining to reason." Strictly speaking, however, the word "rationalist" has a theological and not a scientific significance. It was originally applied to the Presbyterians and Independents of the time of the Protector Cromwell.

Interesting is the origin of the word "religion." It represents nothing more than a monastic order, and has no reference whatever to the recognition of supernatural powers and of the duty lying upon man to yield obedience to these; it does not imply a performance of our duties of love and obedience towards God, it owes its origin solely to monasteries and to the monks and nuns who were *bound* by monastic vows, taking which a man or woman was commonly said to be entering into a "religion." As a matter of fact, no one was held to be "religious" unless he or she had actually taken the monastic vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The word "religion" comes from the Latin "to bind."

The word "Bible" means "book" and nothing more. But the *popular* definition, and not its etymological, is "the sacred writings of the Christian Church," i.e., the old and the new Testaments. "Scripture"



comes from the Latin, "to write," hence this word means no more than "writing," while "holy" is Anglo-Saxon, *halig*, literally, "healthy," "perfect," "whole." The word "sabbath," of Hebrew origin, means "rest." Among the ancient Jews, it signified the seventh year, when the land was left fallow. To-day the word has come to mean the seventh day of the week, or Saturday, dedicated by the Romans to the planet Saturn, the Jewish sabbath, and strictly speaking, the sabbath of the Christian also. "Church" is of "pagan" origin, and comes from the Greek signifying "belonging to the Lord." "Septuagint" is from the Latin "septem," *seven*, hence *seventy*, the Greek version of the old Testament, said to have been translated by about seventy interpreters at Alexandria by command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284-246 B.C. The word "pontiff" is derived from the Latin "pontis," a bridge. To-day "pontiff" means the Bishop of Rome, head of the Roman Catholic Church, or the autocratic head of any church or organisation. One of the bridges over the Tiber was made and kept in repair by the priests, hence "pontifex," the bridge maker, from which "pontiff."

"Hades," the ruler of the universal Nether World, is from the Greek "Aidoneus," "Aides," which means "the invisible one," or "giver of invisibility"; this property is said to be due to a helmet which he usually wore, which served as a cap of invisibility.

"Eostre" was the goddess of the dawn of the early English settlers—the dawn of the year, and her name still survives in the spring festival of Easter.





## WHAT WILL THE CYNICS SAY?

The Church Congress, meeting at Newport (Mon.), on the 8th October last, had a surprise in store for them when Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford and psycho-therapist to King's College Hospital, London, gave the benefit of his experiences during a discussion on psycho-analysis and psycho-therapy.

According to the learned doctor, the grandmother of a sick child said she was praying when she saw herself on the doorstep of the house. She felt she had to go and see the child. After a very short, simple prayer, asking that the child might be healed, the father passed the child from his knee that the grandmother might hold her for a moment before she left. While the child was passing between the pair, she was surrounded by a beautiful blue flame, and within ten minutes the child was eating normally and a little later was dancing to tunes on the piano.



## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

*"In Quires and Places where they sing here followeth the Anthem (or Hymn.)"*

The above is taken from the Church Prayer Book and is meant to indicate that the Choir and Congregation are all now supposed to sing as an act of praise to God, but in the average Church we generally find that the Choir sings the hymn and the Congregation make only a feeble attempt to join in.

There is something very inspiring when a large congregation sings Hymns lustily and with spirit. On some Sunday evenings we do hear that grand effect, but there is undoubtedly room for improvement. If all would take pride and interest in doing their utmost to make the singing go with a swing, we should all feel a large sense of enjoyment and uplifting.



In our large congregations there must be a number of people who have good powerful voices, and if they will "pull their weight" it would be a help to those not so gifted.

To obtain the best results, a few simple rules should be observed by all. (1) If you do not know the tune, buy a hymn book and learn it, so that you may be ready for the next time it is sung. (2) Make a point of standing up whilst the hymn is being played over on the organ. Listen carefully, and make a special effort for a good start with the first line. (3) A great deal of expressional singing can be arrived at by looking ahead and judging whether the words call for fortissimo or pianissimo singing. The organist will help with this therefore, endeavour to follow his lead.

Most of the tunes that we use at our services are well-known, but there are not enough. We must therefore have new settings at times, and it should be a duty to know them, so that all can join in the singing.

A new Hymn Book containing about fifty hymns particularly suitable for a Spiritualistic Service is being compiled. Original tunes have been written with an effort to provide easy and tuneful music suitable for congregational unison singing.

The Hymn Book (with music) will be provided at the services, but nevertheless, all are urged to buy their own copies, and make a point of acquainting themselves with both words and music. The words of the hymns have been finely written with a poetic tendency by Mrs. M. St. Clair Stobart, and all Spiritualists will enjoy reading them even if they cannot sing.

That the congregational singing at the Grottrian Hall should become noted for all that it should be, is a laudable goal to be aimed for. This object can be obtained if one and all will "do their bit."

F. A. A.



## THE COMMUNITY BAZAAR.

May we once again draw your attention to the fact that we are holding a Bazaar on November 13th, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, to raise funds for the Community?—and we do ask you, one and all, to give us your support. All manner of goods will be on sale, suitable for household use and Christmas presents. Do come and buy. But before doing that, there is still time for you to send us things for sale. There will be a stall for stationery, sweets, woollen goods, a soap stall, provisions, household goods, a fancy stall, a book stall, and a white elephant stall, etc. Please send as many articles as you can to the Community Offices, and we will distribute them to the stalls. We appeal to you to help us, for the work must go on, and it is an understood thing that our expenses are heavy.

We shall offer you other attractions at the Bazaar. Eminent clairvoyants are generously offering their services, there will be a string band, and amusing side-shows. There will also be refreshments, and may we add that if any of you would like to help by providing us with foodstuffs, we should be very grateful. Do not forget November 13th, a red-letter day in the calendar, and come along in full force to the Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, Westminster. 'Buses Nos. 11, 24, 29, etc., pass the door. Admission 1/-, after 6 p.m. 6d.



## DRAMATIC GROUP ACTIVITIES.

Preparations are being made for the presentation of a series of short plays at Christmas for the entertainment of Members and their friends. Full particulars will be announced in our next issue. In the meanwhile, the Group is still suffering from a shortage of men.

Will those who are interested please send in their names and addresses to Mr. Alan W. Rolfe, 10, Wyatt Park Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.



## NEW STAGING IN THE GROTRIAN HALL.

Members and friends who have not been to the Grotrian Hall for some time have a surprise in store for them! During the last few weeks the platform has been entirely transformed and the new effect is delightful. All the hard lines, to which we have been used, are taken away and the new effect is that of delicate curves. The back wall of the platform takes the shape of a semi-circle and the ceiling is of a shell-like design with hidden soft lighting which is pleasing to the eye. The old gold colouring of the walls follows out the scheme of decoration in the rest of the Hall and is relieved by the cream painted shell-like ceiling. Everyone feels that the Management is much to be congratulated on the result of their new venture, which has so much improved the appearance of the Hall.



## IDLE THOUGHTS.

When the tired sun sank behind the hill, whose summit was crowned with an aureole of the purest gold, and the hungry shepherd was casting about to rest his numerous flock, a red rose, drooping from its thorny bough, was suddenly plucked by the Hand Invisible, and scattered its silken locks on the soil beneath. In the stillness of that night, as we mourned over the loveliness that once was, our tears fell upon its fragments, whereat a Voice from the stars spoke within us, saying, "Weep not. The Spirit of the Rose has blossomed elsewhere, purified by Love and sped by Joy. There will be a new star in the heavens this e'en."

Every star we see in that celestial garden is a flower, an embodied joy, and our star, our joy, is our rose of yesterday. You may see it shining on any cloudless winter's night, in the wake of the dying year.

\* \* \*

One cold and bitter evening, when the moon shone



The Secretary,

The Spiritualist Community,

Grotrian Hall, 115, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

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bright, and the fires of heaven burned their fiercest, when grey winter was around me, and the white snows crowned the dying year, she who had brought me into the world, and who, many years since had left it for awhile, knocked at the door of my humble dwelling.

Unbidden she entered, like a breath of spring. But I was old and worn. I had run my course. Life's torrent had rushed madly on, and I could not stay its progress. Now that its force was spent, only the wreckage lay where once there flowed the high tide of life.

"Son," said she who was my mother, "fear not. I am young enough to be thy daughter, yet am I thy mother, and thou art my son."

"Mother," I made answer, "I fear nothing, for I understand full well thy presence and thy message. Thou badest me farewell when I was still a child, and needed thee most. And thou returnest to me now that my soul is ripe for a richer harvest.

"My sorrow at thy departure was great, for I was young and knew not then, what now I know, that to die is to be re-born. Mother, thou art young and beautiful, and I am old and grey. The stream of life flows swiftly through thy veins, while with me it scarce doth move, and is all but dry. If thou lovest me still, take me unto thyself again, and let me repose once more within thy womb.

"Bear me again, dear mother, renew my youth and vigour. Teach me to be kind, to cheat none, to covet nought."

And the Mother did all that the son asked of her, and what the Master had taught her, she taught her son afresh.

But one day, when the year was still in its youth, and the young moon shimmered in a golden sky, the Mother fell asleep, and the Master sprinkled the heavens with stars, as one who kindles the lights of home to a beloved one, late returning.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NEW NUCTEMERON. Preface by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Marjorie Livingston. (London: Rider & Co., Paternoster House, E.C.4. 4s. 6d.)

This book has already received a large number of very favourable reviews, from the Spiritualist and non-Spiritualist press of this country and America. We would remind readers that if they have not already purchased a copy, they are losing a very valuable contribution to Spiritualist literature.

G. D.

\* \* \*

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF MYSTERIOUS TIBET.

By G. E. O. Knight, F.R.G.S., etc. (London: The Golden Vista Press, Fetter House, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. 3/- net.)

This is one of the most remarkable books it has been our province to read, remarkable because it deals with a noted achievement, and is a striking example of accomplishing what is sometimes called *impossible* feats. The author showed considerable daring, infinite patience and perseverance in all he undertook—very fine qualities which one expects in men who lead expeditions into remote countries. For Tibet is probably the most un-get-at-able place in the world. Mr. Knight writes in a lively vein, is ironic at times, but running throughout the book is a note of optimism. His chapter on Buddhism is a contribution to Buddhist literature. It is a book which we can heartily recommend to readers of this magazine.

J. H. C.

\* \* \*

ROBERT BROWNING & ELIZABETH BARRETT,

By Lady Frances M. Sim. (London: Golden Vista Press, Fetter House, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. 3s. 6d. net.)

Here we have an entirely new presentation of the lives of these sincere poets. Lady Sim is well-known

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as an authority on the Brownings, and her book hardly needs any introduction to readers of this magazine. We have a distinct interpretation of both their characters which should prove of very great interest to all lovers of the Brownings. The love story of Robert Browning might in itself be regarded as sufficient for one book—the story of their joint lives is indeed fascinating. The book is full of information which students of the poets should not miss. The revelations of Robert Browning's attitude towards Spiritualism are entirely new. The author is to be congratulated on bringing before her readers this valuable work. The book will appeal to the Spiritualist and the non-Spiritualist alike.

J. G.

\* \* \*

RATS!!! By Catherine E. Norfor. (London: Anglo-American Publications, Fetter House, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. 1s. net.)

Humorous poems are rare enough, but when the author of them claims them to be psychic—as in this instance of unique verse just published—one is at first inclined to be incredulous. On reflection, one wonders why humorous writing should not also come through, as well as that of a serious or sentimental nature. Mrs. Norfor describes her efforts as a series of "Fairy Tales, about our Naughty Males," and they are really very amusing. We can heartily recommend these inspired poems even to the serious-minded Spiritualist, for they are well written and in some cases ironic.

F. E. R.



### The Gwen Rogers Orchestra

have generously given their services at the Community Bazaar, and will play throughout the afternoon and evening on the 13th November.



## SPEAKERS FOR NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 2—11 a.m., Mr. Ernest Hunt. (Mr. Glover Botham).  
 6.30 p.m., Rev. D. Thomas. (Miss Lily Thomas).  
 „ 9—6.30 p.m., Mr. Hannen Swaffer. (Mrs. Annie Johnson).  
 „ 16—11 a.m., Rev. R. W. Maitland. (Miss Lily Thomas).  
 6.50 p.m., Mr. Harold Carpenter. (Mr. Glover Botham).  
 „ 23—11 a.m., Mr. Percy Scholey. (Mrs. Neville).  
 6.30 p.m., Mr. Ernest Hunt. (Miss Frances Campbell).  
 „ 30—11 a.m., Mr. Horace Leaf. (Mr. Horace Leaf.)  
 6.30 p.m., Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. (Mr. Austin).  
 Children's Meeting every Sunday at 11 a.m.

## WEEK-DAY ACTIVITIES.

- Mons. 2.30-4 p.m.—Mrs. Livingstone by appointment.  
 3-4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquirers.  
 3 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments, write to Miss Woodford (Hon. Sec.).  
 6.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in the Grotrian Hall.  
 7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointment, write to Miss Robertson (Hon. Sec.).  
 9 p.m.—Capt. Hay Clark's Astrology Class.  
 Tues. 2.30-4 p.m.—Mr. Glover Botham, by appointment.  
 3 p.m.—Mrs. Gray's Private Healing Treatment. For particulars write Mrs. Gray.  
 6.30 p.m.—Beginners' Class.  
 Wens. 12.30-1.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in the Grotrian Hall.  
 2.30-4 p.m.—Miss Frances Campbell, by appointment.  
 3-4 p.m. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquiries.  
 Thurs. 2.30-4 p.m.—Mrs. Hirst, by appointment.  
 7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Mixed Healing Circle. For appointments write direct to Mrs. Bird.  
 Fri. 3-4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquiries.  
 6.30 p.m.—Students' Class.  
 Mrs. Annie Johnson by appointment any week-day.

## FLOWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

2nd, Mrs. Kidd; 9th, Mrs. Jacobs; 16th, Mrs. Hirst; 23rd, Miss Waterhouse.

Offers of flowers are wanted for November 30th, December 7th, 14th, 1930, and January 11th, 18th, 25th, 1931.

## CIRCLES FOR CLAIRVOYANCE.

- Tuesday, Nov. 4th at 6.30, Mrs. Annie Brittain.  
 „ „ 11th at 6.30, Mrs. Campbell.  
 „ „ 18th at 6.30, Mrs. Hirst.  
 „ „ 25th at 6.30, Mrs. Livingstone.



## LI-LA.

### A Romance of the East.

*"In the human heart is hidden more than all the Scriptures know."*—CHINESE PROVERB.

Even if Li-la had been three times as lovely, she ought not so cruelly to have hurt Lse-le, as he passed by her window with eyes so wistfully seeking hers. She understood the birds of the air, and answered immediately when they pleaded for leave to build their nests on the roof of her mud-hut. But when Lse-le came walking by, with glances which seemed to ask if it were Li-la's desire that he should die unloved, one could only feel that she had no understanding for human affection. All indeed seemed sweet when Li-la admired the beauty around her, responding to the loveliness of earth, sun and sky. Yet, when Lse-le drew near from out of the bamboo grove, with every glance a question whether his love might find an echo in the heart of Li-la, then was she dumb, as though bewitched.

Now it happened one evening that Lse-le sat silent and lonely beneath one of the blossoming orange trees, and wept. All manner of strange thoughts chased each other in his young mind, while the blossoms so tenderly caressed his heated brow. At times he scarcely comprehended why he was so sad. In the charm of that summer's twilight even his bitterness seemed unreal.

"Ah!" he murmured softly. "If only I were a tiny bird, and could fly to my love. Yes, a bird! Then would she love me! There is no bird that she does not love! In fact, she loves the whole world, excepting me.

"Ah! If I were only a golden butterfly, then I should be welcome, then would she love me as any bird or butterfly! Eyes would she have for that golden butterfly! Ears would she have to hear his love songs! For my boundless love she has no eyes, or perchance she



sees, and doesn't want it. Should I die, even then I should never leave my love, but I would be wafted to her, as perfume in the soft May air, entering her little chamber, hovering about her, so that perhaps, dreaming of blossoms, she would dream of me."

Lse-le was becoming more pensive and serious than was his wont. He rose, thinking his little heart would break, and that nothing ever could be right with him again. Slowly he walked towards the sacred shrine of the Buddha, brushing against the heavily laden bushes, his thoughts turning to his aged father. He sought him out after offering his devotions to the Tataghata, and was warmly welcomed.

"What a big boy you are growing," said the old man. "But why so pale? What ails you?"

Then, divining what was wrong with Lse-le, the father did not question him further, but asked simply whether he could help Lse-le, and if so, how gladly he would do anything for him.

"Father," said the son, "you are the only one in the world who can help me."

The old man interpreted Lse-le's words as a request for some secret potion that might turn Li-la's heart to Lse-le. So the father stood very quietly still for a moment; then, with a gentle smile, he said:

"Be comforted. I can tell you something that may help you, but you must never speak of it to a living soul," saying which, he slipped his hand gently through Lse-le's arm, and taking him very tenderly to him, he continued:

"Your little love is not like other maidens; she does not understand you. She is a child apart. What the flowers whisper, what the birds say, these things she understands, and delights in. The language of human love is strange to her. Years ago, when she had scarcely learned to walk, she tottered away one day into the depths of the forests, and there a very learned Lama met her and played with her, and gave her a small golden key which hung on a silver ring, telling her that every year with the blossoming of the first rhodo-



dendrons she would be able to open her heart with the golden key. This key belonged to the god Chenraisi, incarnate in the Dalai Lama, and with the same she must keep her heart closed against all men's pleadings, otherwise sorrow would be hers. To young and old alike, she must lock her heart with the golden key, no matter how urgent their pleadings might be. Should she lose the key, then never would sun, moon and stars be her friends, never more would the message of the birds and the rhododendrons be hers—all these things would be closed to her for evermore, and everything around her would be cold, empty, dead. And the god Chenraisi would quit the body of His Holiness the Dalai Lama of Tibet, who reigns as the spiritual head of the Buddhist church in the Potala, in the sacred city of Lha-sa, and he would come to seek the golden key before entering the body of a baby boy, again to rule once more over the destinies of his people. And now, my boy, it is just because from her earliest childhood all her joys have been gleaned from the flowers and the birds, that your own true and tender love is lost to her and hidden from her. The only way for you to reach her heart would be if you were a little bird, tapping sweetly at her heart with the refrains of our sacred prayer, *Om! mani-pad-me Hum!* Then would it be open to you, then could you tell her all your love and sorrow."

The old man paused for a moment, and then continued:

"I am an old man, heavy with years. But see, I once found, deep in the bowels of Mount Chu-mo-lha-ri, a gleaming, fiery stone, a wonderful ring, which has the power, if worn by a loving, sorrowful youth, to transform him to the lightness of a bird. I shall give you this ring. I shall put it on your finger now."

At that moment the father went to a beautiful rhododendron tree, and drew from among the flowers the ring with the gleaming stone. He turned to place it on Lse-le's right finger, but found that the lad had sunk upon an old stone seat, and was sitting there still



and white, unable to utter a word.

"Come, dear one," said the old man, "now you will soon be able to reach the heart of your love."

The father paused, feeling almost vexed that Lse-le still spoke no word of thanks. He bent lower, and said, "Come, don't you believe me?"

But Lse-le, murmuring very softly the sacred formula, *Om! mani-pad-me Hum!* breathed his last, while the old man gazed on the lifeless body, his tears falling on the child he so fondly loved. Then, placing the ring on Lse-le's finger, he murmured:

"That shall be yours instead of the bridal ring."

The night was still. The flowers and blossoms seemed as though they were praying secretly, for they had not opened their petals during the whole of that day to whisper to each other. Their heads drooped reverently, like the heads of devout men and women. The birds, too, dared only raise their faintest notes of farewell to the speeding day. For that night was one too holy for the exchange of confidences over Life's deep sorrows.

Li-la had been unable to sleep. She sat lonely and pensive under the bamboo tree before her home, and ever and anon her heart beat heavily. Was it from fear of loneliness or some secret presage of harm? She could not tell. She thought of the little golden key of her heart. Sighing deeply, she said:

"My little sweet-voiced comrades, my true little forest friends, where are you all? What have I done to you? You know that I would never hurt you, you know that I would sooner die myself! And all you dear little flowers, why do you stand so still and sad, as though keeping watch by the dead, full of secret mourning through this still, starless night? Tell me, did I accidentally break one of your sister flowers? Ah! that would hurt me like the breaking of my own heart! Tell me, that at least I may cherish the poor broken one, and water it with my tears! Perhaps it may revive again! Why does no one answer me? Why am I so desolate? No whispers from the blossoms, no song from the birds, all is sorrowful waiting! *Om!*



*mani-pad-me Hum!* But what is it that presses so heavily upon me? O, what have I done? What have I done?"

As she spoke thus, her head drooped ever lower in her deep sorrow. Then it seemed to hear as though little eddying winds blew softly over her bent head, and soft rustling plumage sounded nearer and yet more near. She looked up; close above her head was a trembling leaf, and upon it she beheld a rare and wonderful bird such as she never before had seen. She was greatly startled, yet overjoyed, and whispered eagerly and tenderly:

"Welcome, dear one. Who are you, little friend? I have had no peace, no rest till you came, my heart was so sad and empty. Yet I could not know that you were coming."

"But you know me, and you know what is in the depths of my heart," sang the fair bird, softly.

"Ah, no!" said Li-la. "Yet, what am I saying? It seems to me as though I had long known you, as though you and I belonged to each other in closest kinship."

"And yet you banished me," sadly responded the little singer.

"I banished you? But that is impossible! I who never saw you before? But tell me your name, who are you, and what has happened. I am so filled with fear. Please, please tell me all."

The beautiful bird nestled close up to her heart, and sang sadly, softly, as though burdened by pain too great to bear.

"You ask me who I am. I am the heart of a faithful lover. I died of love, yet am not dead, for before they cremated me, I took from off my finger a little ring given me by my good father. My heart was full of undying love. No rest had I. With all the winged power of the love I bore, I thrust myself upwards, ever upwards, till I felt again the sweet air and saw the lovely stars, and felt that you were near. Then I flew and flew, fresh and light of wing, until at last I reached



you. You have always given that wealth of love to the birds of the forests which you denied to your faithful lover, and now I come to you as a bird of the forest, and plead for a little place in your tender heart. Grant me a place there, dear one! Tell me, do you know me now, you who never saw me?"

When the little bird had finished his lay, Li-la was weeping, and wept more bitterly as she saw that the little bird was lifting his wings as though ready for flight.

"Alas, alas!" she cried, passionately. "You will not leave me again? I have only just found you, and to leave me now does not bespeak the faithful heart. Tell me, must it be that you should leave me alone? Whither away so quickly? I love you, I love you! What will be left of me, if you fly away from me?"

The bird of the forest answered:

"Unrequited love breaks the heart even in rhododendron time. That I know well. But to-morrow I must soar before the break of dawn. I must soar the heights of Chu-mo-lha-ri. Resplendently the summit sparkles with virgin snow. I go with sorrow in my heart, but go I must. One thing comforts me in my sorrow at parting—my love has reached your heart at last."

"But I cannot let you go," cried Li-la. "What will you do on the summit of Chu-mo-lha-ri? You will be happy, and I shall suffer so bitterly. O, tell me, how can you go and leave me all alone?"

"I shall come to you again in rhododendron time next year."

"Give me a pledge," entreated Li-la, "give me a pledge."

"Take this precious stone," answered the bird, "and keep it in a safe and sacred place."

Down upon Li-la's heart fell the gleaming, fiery stone out of the ring that the bird of the forest wore round his little neck. Then, with a flutter of swift wings, he was gone like the wind.

"My loving heart is the safest and only hiding place in which to treasure this precious stone," said



Li-la, locking it with the golden key. "No flower, no bird, nothing must ever tempt me to unlock my heart and lose my treasure. The time has come for me to part with my little key of gold."

Then Li-la threw the key into the waters of the lake hard by, and at that moment there rose a loud wail throughout the realms of the Forbidden Land of Tibet. The Dalai Lama was dead, and the god Chenraisi found the key where Li-la had thrown it. Once again it was in his possession, and never more would Li-la's heart find refuge in birds and flowers. Li-la had sacrificed all to Love.

The time passed quickly enough, bringing flowers, all radiant, and fruits so luscious that they rejoiced the heart. But Li-la had lost all her joy in the beauties around her. The birds came to her, but she, poor child, never heard their cries, and they went forth sadly, missing her tender words which never before had failed them.

The Amo River stirred and was leaping merrily and madly on its way, the rhododendrons peeped out once more, and the trees again cast broad shadows. And Li-la's longing grew too strong for her, and she became ever fairer and more frail. In the stillness of the night, she sang with a breaking heart. Listening and listening, waiting ever. Her heart beat so strongly that she thought her little locket must break. At last there came a tapping at her window. Was it a twig? Was it . . . ? Again, still more insistent, came the tapping.

"'Tis he!" she cried. "Yes, 'tis he! Wait, O wait, my love, I am coming, I am coming!"

As the funeral procession left Li-la's home, a lovely bird, with his little mate, circled above the procession. The pair soared and sang around in a boundless ecstasy, their bright eyes turning ever upwards to a gleaming mountain top.

It was the summit of Mount Chu-mo-lha-ri, and thither they flew.

G. E. O. K.



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